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The Late Dr. Norman Kerr.

THE NOTED TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

We give a portrait of Dr. Norman Kerr, who died at Hastings, on Tuesday night, May 30, 1899. Having been for some time in failing health, he removed to Hastings at the beginning of this year, but in the middle of April he paid a visit to London to preside over a meeting, and caught a chill, from which he never recovered. There is hardly another instance of a medical man devoting so many years of

THE LATE DR. NORMAN KERR.

persistent study to the subject of alcoholism, such as Dr. Kerr presented. The spread of temperance was his life-work, and he brought to the question all the knowledge which he had accumulated in many years of study. His pen was always busy, and he was a continual contributor to various medical and other journals. He also published over twenty books relating to inebriety.

Dr. Norman Kerr was born in Glasgow in 1834. He graduated in Glasgow University in 1861, and settled in London in 1874, where he became eminent as a physician. As a medical man he refused to prescribe intoxicating drinks, in which practice he for many years stood almost alone. Before going to an infectious case he always took the precaution of having a good meal, believing that this would fortify him against the disease. He was fond of relating that on one occasion he was hastily summoned to a badly infectious case, long after having taken food. He, however, managed to provide himself with a large basin of turtle soup, and, thus fortified, escaped infection.

LECTURES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

As a staunch and able advocate of temperance Dr. Kerr is best known. When scarcely out of his teens he took part in the inaugural meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance at Manchester in 1853. Thenceforward he lectured on temperance and diet reform in every part of the country, but though he favored legislative interference with the traffic, he was one of the first to realize and act upon the principle that social reform should proceed side by side with legal intervention. To this end he, in 1855, proposed and organized the Glasgow City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts, and later he became a director of the Coffee Tavern Company, which had the same objects in view.

In 1880 he was presented with a carriage, etc., in recognition of his public services, the Earl of Shaftesbury being one of the moving spirits in the presentation. Dr. Norman Kerr long advocated the treatment of inebriates in the manner lately prescribed in the Inebriates Act. He held that inebriety was a disease, not a crime, and that it should be treated accordingly. For instance, he much approved of the homes established in America, where drunkards were treated by specialists. The result of such treatment was, Dr. Kerr contended, that a third of the patients were permanently cured. His remedy, in short, was absolute and unconditional abstinence from all intoxicants under all circumstances, even at the Lord's Supper. Under the new Inebriates Act a great step forward has been taken toward giving effect to these views, but, as everybody knows, difficulty has arisen regarding the provision of homes to which 'sufferers' may be sent.

HUNDREDS OF TEETOTAL DOCTORS NOW.

Thirty or forty yeas ago a 'temperance' doctor was a great rarity, and all could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. To-day the British Medical Temperance Association numbers its members not by ones but by hundreds; and one of the leading features of the annual Medical Congress is the great temperance meeting of doctors which invariably takes place during the sittings of that assembly. Alcohol is not ordered as a medicine one twentieth part so much as it was twenty years ago.

Dr. Norman Kerr told many stories of doctors who have ordered strong drink being placed in awkward positions. One of these anecdotes told by the eminent physician is to the following effect: A man who was taken very ill sent for his doctor. 'Ah!' said the latter on his arrival, 'you're in a bad way. Nothing will pull you round but brandy.' 'But I'm a teetotaler, doctor,' urged the patient, 'That does not matter. You must not risk your life for a silly fad,' replied the doctor. 'Well, I'm sorry, but I think I had better call another doctor, and perhaps he'll prescribe something else.' The medical man was cornered, and then blurted out 'Well, it's like this. My patients generally like the medicine I prescribed for you, and as it is less trouble and saves my drugs, I always advise it. But as you won't have it, I'll send you a bottle of medicine in half an hour that will do you more good than all the brandy in the country.'

Dr. Kerr was president of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, and chairman of the Inebriates' Legislative Committee of the British Medical Association for the Cure of Inebriates. He was in continual correspondnce with various authorities on the question all over the world, and was honorary member of the American association formed for the curing of inebriates. In politics he was a Liberal, but not a keen partisan. He was married in 1871 (by the Hon. and Rev. F. E. C. Byng, now Lord Stafford) to Eleanor Georgina, daughter of Mr. Edward Gibson, and he leaves a son and several daughters.—'Christian Herald.'

'Herrings For Nothing.'

On the coast of Lancashire, on a spot where the beach shelved gently down, I took my stand one Sabbath morning. I read as loudly as possible Isaiah lv., and then engaged in prayer. So prepared to speak for Jesus I looked round for the first time, and there were hundreds of people stopping to hear. I had to abandon the sermon I had prepared and to cast myself on the Lord for a word in season, and then I commenced as follows: 'I want you to think of a bitter east wind, a declining day, fast falling snow, and a short, muddy street in London, at the far east. Put these thoughts together and add to them a picture of a tall stout man in a rough great-coat, and with a large comforter around his neck, buffeting through the wind and storm. The darkness is coming rapidly as a man with a basket on his head turns the corner of the street, and there are two of us on opposite sides. He cries loudly as he goes, 'Herrings! three a penny! red herrings! good and cheap at three a penny!' So crying he passes along the street, crosses at its end and comes to where I am standing at the corner. Here he pauses, evidently wishing to fraternize with somebody, as a relief from the dull times and disappointed hopes of trade. I presume I appear a suitable object, as he comes close to me and commences conversation.

'"Governor, what do you think of these 'ere herrings?' As he speaks I note that he has three in his hand, while the remaining stock are deftly balanced in the basket on his head. 'Don't you think they're good?' and he offers me the opportunity of testing them by scent, which I courteously but firmly declined; 'and don't you think they're cheap as well?' I assert my decided opinion that they are good and cheap. 'Then, look you, governor, why can't I sell 'em? Yer have I walked a mile and a half along this dismal place, offering these good and cheap uns; and nobody don't buy none!' 'I do not wonder at that,' I answer, 'the people have no work at all to do, and they are starving.' 'Ah! then, governor,' he rejoined, 'I've put my foot in it this time; I knew they was werry poor, but I thought three a penny 'ud tempt them. But if they haven't the ha'pence they can't spend 'em, sure enough; so there's nothing for it but to carry 'em back, and try and sell 'em elsewhere.' 'How much will you take for the lot?' I inquired. 'Do you mean profit an' all, governor?' 'Yes.' 'Then I'll take four shillin,' and be glad to get 'em.' I put my hand in my pocket, produced that amount, and handed it to him. 'Right! governor, thank'ee! What'll I do with 'em?' he said, as he quickly transferred the coins to his own pocket. 'Go round this corner into the middle of the road, shout with all your might, 'Herrings for nothing' and give them to every man, woman and child that comes to you till your basket is emptied.' He hesitated as if there were something fraudulent in the transaction, but being told to return my money or do as I had required, he went into the middle of the adjoining street and went along shouting, 'Herrings for nothing! real good herrings for nothing!' I stood at the corner, unseen, to watch his progress; and speedily he neared the house where a tall woman I knew stood at the first floor window, looking out upon him. 'Here you are, missus,' he bawled, 'herrings for nothing! a fine chance for yer; come an' take 'em!' The woman shook her head unbelievingly and left the window. 'Vot a fool!' said he; 'but they won't be all so. Herrings for nothing!' A little child came out to look at him, and he called to her, 'Yer, my dear, take these in to your mother, tell her how cheap they are—herrings for nothing.' But the child was afraid of him and them, and ran indoors. So down the street, in the snowy slush and mud, went the cheap fish, the vender crying loudly as he went, 'Herrings for nothing!' Thus he reached the very end; and then returning to retrace his steps, he continued his double cry, as he came, 'Herrings for nothing!' and then in a lower but very audible key, 'Oh, you fools!' 'Well!' I said to him calmly, as he reached me at the corner, 'Well!' he repeated, 'if yer think so! When you gave me the money for herrings as yer didn't want, I thought you was training for a lunatic 'sylum! Now I thinks all the people round here are fit company for yer. But what'll I do with the herrings, if yer don't take 'em and they won't have 'em?'

"'We'll try again together,' I replied; 'I will come with you this time, and we'll both shout.' Into the road we both went, and he shouted once more, and for the last time, 'Herrings for nothing!' Then I called out loudly. They heard the voice and they knew it well; and they came out at once, in twos and threes and sixes, men, women and children, all striving to reach the welcome food. As fast as I could give them from the basket I handed three to each eager applicant, until all were speedily disposed of. When the basket was empty the hungry crowd who had none was far greater than those that had been supplied; but they were too late; there was no more 'Herrings for nothing.' Foremost among the disappointed was a tall woman of a bitter tongue who began vehemently, 'Why haven't I got any? Ain't I as good as they? Ain't my children as hungry as theirs? Why haven't I got any?' Before I had time to reply, the vender stretched out his arm toward her, saying, 'Why, governor, that's the very women as I offered 'em to first, and she turned up her nose at 'em.' 'I didn't,' she rejoined passionately; 'I didn't,' believe you meant it!' 'Yer goes without for yer unbelief,' he replied. 'Good-night, and thankee, governor.'

'As I told the story on the sea beach, the crowd gathered and increased and looked at each other; first smiled and then laughed outright. It was my time then, and I said, 'You cannot help laughing at the quaint story, which is strictly true. But are you sure you would not have done as they did? Nay, are you sure you are not ten thousand times worse than they? Their unbelief only cost them a hungry stomach; but what may your unbelief cost you?—God—not man—God has sent his messengers to you repeatedly for many years to offer pardon for nothing! peace for nothing! salvation for nothing! He has sent to your houses, your homes, your hearts, the most loving and tender offers that even an Almighty God could frame; and what have you replied? Have you taken the trouble to reply at all? Have you turned away in fear like the little child? Many have heard a voice they believed; and they have received the gifts of God. Will you not come to God by Jesus now before it is forever too late? He is waiting, watching, pleading for you! There is salvation, full, free, eternal, utmost, complete redemption—all for nothing, 'without money and without price."'

'Though we had no place to retire to, it was good to walk up and down the beach, showing the way of God more perfectly to some who were attracted and impressed by this commencement of a sermon by the sea.'
—H.E.B. in an 'English Leaflet.'

The Ants of Samoa.

A missionary in Samoa, writes of the difficulty which the white ants make for house builders in that island. He says:

'We like our house and its position very much. The house is certainly substantial, and the natives have put a good roof on. It has, however, one very serious fault; it swarms with white ants. Although the walls were whitewashed just before we came, they began to assume the appearance of a railway map of England with the ant tracks. We have tried everything we can think of, but nothing seems to get rid of them. Unfortunately the stone walls have wooden posts inside, and there the ants have their nests and cannot be got at. The carpenter at work here says that nothing short of burning the house down would get rid of them. To give you some idea of their depredations, I will tell you that I brought from Sydney a new pair of doors for the study. Before putting them up, I had the door-posts and all the wood-work and some of the masonary taken down and soaked in kerosene, and then painted with arsenical paste. In less than a week after the doors were put up I pushed my thumb right into one of them. I have had a book-case made for my study. It was put up one afternoon; the next morning there were two ant-tracks about eighteen inches long inside one of the cupboards. All that we can do is to watch carefully, and, directly we see the beginning of a track, drop some powdered arsenic into it; that seems to check them for a time at least.

They Count Up.

A pastor one day visited one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made a living by her needle. He says:

'She put three dollars into my hand and said, 'There is my contribution to the church fund.' 'But you are not able to give so much.' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I have learned how to give now.'

'"How is that?" I asked. 'Do you remember,' she answered, 'that sermon three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor but that if he loved Christ, he could find some way of showing that love by his gifts? Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that;' but from crying I at last got to praying, and, when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears.

'What was the answer,' I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

Only this: 'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child.' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had more money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind."

He concluded by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: 'I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.'
—'Pacific Methodist.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

One Chance More.

('The Dawn of Day.')

CHAPTER I.

'Only I do beg of 'ee, sir, to consider the temptation!'

The voice that spoke was a woman's voice—trembling, beseeching, with a terrible urgency of supplication in its tones. And the eyes which were fixed upon Joseph Nargle's face were blue and soft—very pretty eyes, if they had not been dim and heavy with tears and care and pain. And in the middle of the bare cold room, into which one descended by three steps from the street outside, stood a shame-faced slouching man of thirty—a man with all his manhood gone out of him for the time, because the day before he had been drinking heavily, and had disgraced himself, and Joseph Nargles who was his master, and the pale young wife who now pleaded for him with his stern employer.

'He haven't giv' way, sir, not for three years past,' the piteous voice went on. 'Not once, ever since we came down here to St. Cuthbert's, have he been the worse for drink till yesterday. I've blessed the day we left London, a many, many times. Always patient and kind, and putting up with poor ways contentedly—for poor we've been, along of having back-debts to pay off—and keeping hisself straight all along the line—that's been my Tom, ever since we settled here. And then yesterday some of them as he used to know came down for the races—which I wish they races was at the bottom of the sea, sir—and they got about him, and they was too much for him just for the —— And oh, sir, I do beg of 'ee to consider the temptation!'

But no one had ever brought Joseph Nargles in this way before—perhaps because he was not a promising subject for such supplication—and he could not, by any means, consider the temptation. The kind of temptations which overcome poor weak-willed Tom Dixon were no temptations at all to him—drink and jollity and kindred indulgences held out no attractions to Joseph Nargles even in his youth. He was a man of strong firm nature, who had started at the foot of the ladder, and climbed steadily up to competence, and credit, and respect. In the course of his climbing he had found it expedient to deal hardly with the feeble folk who are apt to be a hindrance and a clog; and he was not going to deal softly with his unsatisfactory clerk now, because a woman young enough to be his daughter poured out her heart before him with tears.

'Nonsense!' he said, very gruffly, when her entreaties escaped. 'Your husband's a bad lot; I can see that. I won't have a clerk of mine getting drunk on the race-course with a set of bad associates down from town. Not given way for three years, hasn't he? And what sort of life will he lead you in the future, if I pass over this misconduct of his?—— The day week, Dixon, you'll be good enough to suit yourself with another place. And you needn't refer to me for a character, unless you want a true one—understand?'

The miserable Dixon had great difficulty in speaking at all. His voice was husky, and his whole look expressed despairing humiliation.

All he could manage to say was, 'It shan't occur again, sir. One more chance!'

And then he stood with his bent head, his look of conscious degradation: and poor Alice turned away, and hid her face in her apron.

He was a Londoner, born and bred: and she, with her softer broader speech and her clean striving ways, came of good honest country folk, down in Dorsetshire.

And Tom's ways were bitter to her, not only on account of the poverty and difficulty which came as a consequence of his errors. But she loved him, with the unselfish love which is strong to save; and during these three years at St. Cuthbert's he had been a better man, and Alice had hoped all things—hoped for a time of ease and comfort when the 'back-debts' were paid—hoped that little Jemmy and Tommy and Milly would always be able to look up to 'Father' and trust in him, knowing nothing of those bygone years.

And now had come the sudden shattering of all these hopes; and she felt that her plea for mercy had made no impression whatever on the mind of Mr. Nargles—that there was no response to her pleading—no relenting in the heart of the master: Tom was not to have 'one more chance'—alas, that he should have needed it! He was to lose the good place, with its certain wage; and he would go from it suddenly, without

HE STUMPED OUT OF THE ROOM.

a character. And before his unstable feet would spread that downward slope, the end of which was known to Alice, who had seen other Toms whom she did not love go slipping down to the bottom of it, dragging wives and children after them.

And he had kept steady for three years—would have kept steady always, she thought, but for the force of the temptation which Mr. Nargles could not be brought to consider.

'"One chance more!"' said the master very scornfully, in the silence. 'You've had more chances than you knew what to do with, I'll be bound. And you won't have any more, here, at my expense. I'm sorry for your wife—a tidy body as need be; but should have known better than to take up with the like of you. This day week, mind ye; and just be careful not to go on the spree till your time with me is up, will you? Then you can go to the dogs your own way, with no questions asked.'

He stumped out of the room, which looked barer and colder and greyer than ever—for hope went out with Joseph Nargles, and only tears and despair remained behind. The tears were not Alice's; perhaps she had wept so much that the fountain of her grief was dried up. It was the man, with his shaken nerves and his utter loss of self-respect, who broke down into weeping, flinging out his arms across the table and leaning his throbbing head upon them.

'It's not so much to ask,' he groaned. 'Just one chance more!'

'Oh, dear Tom!' said poor Alice, with the great tenderness of a loving nature which has been sorely tried—'do 'ee think of it—Do 'ee consider that us must come to the last chance some day!—Not yet—oh, please God, not yet—but 'tis not for we to know when He do take and try us for the last time. And I can bear the poverty, and all else—if so be you'll rouse up manful, so as I can be proud of 'ee——'

His laugh was bitter in its mingled shame and bravado.

'Proud of me!' he said.

But she came near him and put her arms round him; and there was healing in her touch and comfort in her kiss upon the burning forehead.

'Think of they three years!' she said. 'Oh, Tom—my man that have been good to me and the little 'uns—sure, God Almighty will remember they three years!—Mr. Nargles mayn't understand the cost of it—but He knows. And may be He will send us the one chance more!'

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Joseph Nargles was a person of considerable importance in St. Cuthbert's, the busy seaport town in which his industrious life had been passed. There was old St. Cuthbert's and new St. Cuthbert's—and all the week Mr. Nargles worked in his office and counting-house in the new town near the Quay, where the hum of business went on from dawn to dusk, and on Sunday morning he turned his steps regularly to old St. Cuthbert's, where he was one of the churchwardens. Learned people were constantly at variance as to the precise antiquity of St. Cuthbert's Church—the original St. Cuthbert's from which the town took its name—but folks on the spot were content to say that it had stood there 'a vast number of years,' without going into any precision of detail. Some doubted whether there had ever been a time when St. Cuthbert's was not—when the old grey tower on the hill was not there to be a beacon to mariners, with a light set in the belfry in boisterous weather. And one old salt had been heard to say that he 'reckoned that 'ere was one of the first churches they set to and built arter the Flood.'

Further than this no reasonable man could wish to go back; and the researches of the Antiquarian Society were considered rather a waste of time in St. Cuthbert's.

This fussy society, however, had taken upon itself to point out to the local authorities that the crypt of their wonderful old church was in rather a bad way; and that unless repairs were set in hand, disaster might happen. Repairs had accordingly been ordered, after due delay and consideration; and the work had gone on at the slow rate which is usual in such cases.

According to contract, it was to be finished that day; and Mr. Nargles, walking briskly through the bright sunshine and cold wind of the March afternoon, was going to take a look round before the workmen left the scene of their labors. He did not feel at all disturbed by the interview which was just over, but still his thoughts turned back to it, as was natural.

'A poor, half-baked kind of chap, that clerk of mine,' he was thinking. 'Not a bad clerk, neither—not altogther bad. In-

dustrious, I should say, according to his lights; and honest; and not stupid—setting one thing against another, I should say not stupid. But it was easy to see, from the first, that he wanted ballast; and on the whole I daresay I'm well rid of him before worse has happened. But young men's ideas go up high now-a-days—and his wages haven't been exorbitant—I couldn't in conscience call 'em so. There's one thing I've made up my mind to —I won't raise the wages, if I keep the situation open from now till Christmas. It won't be the first time in my life that I've worked double-tides.'

Mr. Nargles stepped out more briskly under the stimlating influence of his reflection, and his brown face looked very keen and very hard as he fought his way along in the teeth of the wind. There was no slackness about him, or loss of interest in the concerns of life. All his thoughts were centred on his business, and his success, and his determination not to pay another penny in wages to his clerk, if he worked double-tides for months before he could replace Tom Dixon at the same figure. And Tom and Alice Dixon, as a man and woman in extremity, Joseph Nargles did not think of at all—their despair seemed to glide off from the surface of his mind, leaving no impression upon it.

As he reached the church the great clock in the tower struck five, booming out the hour in slow, deep strokes, which could be heard far out to sea. He knew that he should find the crypt open, for the men did not leave work till six, and he determined that they should stay till seven if they had not finished their task.

Mr. Nargles went into the church, taking off his hat from the force of habit, but not bethinking himself of offering any prayer. He attended Divine service regularly on Sundays, but it was in an official capacity, which does not necessarily involve personal devotion.

And in truth Mr. Nargles considered personal devotion rather a weakness, and his manner in church plainly conveyed his opinion that attendance there was as much a matter of business as his weekly avocations could be. So he tramped through the church noisily on this occasion, and descended the stairs leading to the crypt, putting on his hat again because the air which came up was damp and cold and mouldy.

The stairs were very awkward, and the light was dim; he had to move carefully, holding on to the dusty ledges of the jutting stones. And down below the light was even dimmer and more uncertain, in the catacomb which extended beyond the area covered by the pavement of the church. The roof of this great vault rested upon massive coffins, which would last for all time it was supposed.

Warriors and nobles had been laid each in his place, with solemn chanting and lamentations; but the workmen went among the ancient coffins with complete unconcern now, and Mr. Nargles, looking round, saw a lantern and some tools set down upon one of them near the foot of the uneven steps. He heard rough voices, and a great rumbling in the distance.

'A lazy set, I'll be bound;' he said to himself. 'Take a deal of looking after, they do.'

And he walked on, feeling almost giddy as his sight became accustomed to the dusky atmosphere, and he could see the ordered rows of massive pillars which supported the whole fabric of St. Cuthbert's stretching out beyond him and narrowing into denser gloom.

He reached the spot at which he expected to find the workmen, but they were not there. They had finished at that point, apparently; and Mr. Nargles put on his spectacles, peering about to see that the work of reparation had been properly done. Not much amiss, he thought; really, nothing much amiss in that job. Might have left the place a little tidier—swept up the dust and chips and so on; he rather thought he would send them back to see to that. Then he went on to another angle of the crypt where he expected to find the men—but they had finished there, too. And again Mr. Nargles' spectacles showed nothing at which he could justly take exception, as he peered through them at the solid masonry.

The rumbling in the distance and the sound of rough voices had ceased; but as he turned away from his inspection he heard a mysterious reverberation which seemed to resound through the crypt with a kind of awful trembling. The effect was as though a prolonged peal of thunder had suddenly shaken the building to its foundations—and yet the sky had been perfectly clear when Mr. Nargles left the March sunshine behind him as he swung back the heavy west door of the church.

And then, quite suddenly, the idea occurred to him that that mysterious and thrilling noise was such as might be caused by the clanging of a very weighty door pushed with great force upon its rusty stanchions.

And the noise had been succeeded by a stillness such as no words can describe, and by a strange change in the air more indescribable still.

'Bless me!' said Mr. Nargles, aloud—and his voice sounded hollow in the cavernous depths—'I'd better be finding those fellows.'

But 'those fellows' were nowhere to be found.

There were no tools lying about—no traces of the workmen's employment remained; and when Mr. Nargles, groping his way among the pillars, came back to the entrance, the lantern and tools were gone from the sarcophagus on which he had seen them when he came down the broken steps. And he saw, beyond a doubt, that the door which had been open then was closed—a door of tremendous strength and weight and thickness, such as men made long ago when the work of their hands was planned to endure not for months and years, but for countless centuries.

HE TRIED THE DOOR.

Mr. Nargles looked at this closed door blankly, and a full minute or more passed by before he understood. When he did understand, a cold dew broke out upon his forehead, his limbs shook, and an icy shiver seemed to seize upon his heart.

Could it be that he was locked in?

He tried the door, and shook it with frenzied violence; but it held fast—very fast indeed. It was locked, and barred with the great bars and bolts of long ago; and an army of men could not have burst it open, unless they had blown it to pieces with gunpowder or dynamite. He shouted with the

utmost power of his voice; but the damp heavy air gave him back echoes of his own shouts, thin and weak and spiritless, and the door scarcely shook as he flung himself against it. Presently he remembered that there was another door, at the top of the flight of steps, which would also be shut and barred, deadening all sound which might otherwise reach the church above; and he understood that he was as much cut off from the land of the living as though his bones lay in one of the coffins which had been deposited in the crypt centuries ago.

Mr. Joseph Nargles was a brave man—a man of a good firm nerve and an iron resolution.

When the first shock was past, he thought the position over with calmness, trying to determine exactly how matters stood with him.

The workmen were gone—that was evident; and the rumbling noise which he had heard soon after entering the crypt was doubtless caused by their removing their tools and properties of various sorts, for there was no sign of their occupation left except dust and chippings of stone. They were gone; and the question was, would anyone come down into the crypt to see that their work had been finished properly?

Then Mr. Nargles remembered that his colleague, the Rector's Churchwarden, had visited the crypt that morning, in company with the contractor and clerk of the works, at an hour when it did not suit him to join the surveying party. And now the probability was that all had been passed as right, and the crypt fastened up—perhaps for a year and a day. Unless, when it became known that Mr. Nargles had vanished suddently from St. Cuthbert's, it might occur to any particularly intelligent person to open the crypt on the chance of finding him there.

Mr. Nargles did not reckon much on this exceptional intelligence. At all events, he was of opinion that its exercise would probably come too late for him. He thought he had to die—to die in a manner most horrible and dreadful; and he set himself to face that prospect as a man of mould might.

'After all,' he thought, firmly controlling the secret shuddering which made him feel as though his blood had turned to ice in his veins—'after all, we're each bound to die somehow, some day; and I've had my spell beneath the sun. More than sixty years of it, I've had. And though 'tis dismaying to think of perishing here like a rat in a trap, there's things that may dismay us in many a last illness, I reckon. Only then there's the going down more gradually, and getting used to what comes—'

Mr. Nargles' meditations broke off at this point, while a strong shivering shook him from head to foot.

'I haven't taken the chances of life like a coward,' he said to himself, 'and I won't so take the chances of death. A coward is no more likely to be pleasing to his Maker than he is to his fellow-men, according to my thinking. . . . There's nothing that I've done, or left undone, so far as I can call to mind, because I was afraid. I've lived just and upright—not generous, no; I never set up to be that; but I've dealt no harder measure to other folks than I'd have been content to take myself, if I could ever have been the weak-kneed shambling sort that many of 'em are. They want hardness—that's what they want; and now and again they've had a taste of it from me. Once in a way, p'raps, I may have erred a bit on that side—— Eh, what? Is anyone there?'

For it seemed to Mr. Nargles that he heard a voice, and words; but he presently satisfied himself that all was still in the vault, and the words were words which he had heard in church, taking no special heed of them. They came back to his mind now, however, as though they had been spoken that instant in his ear.

'God so loved the world——

That was all.

'God so loved the world.'

But somehow, Mr. Nargles could not tell why, the remembrance of those sacred words compelled him to an unaccustomed retrospect. He pondered his past life, and looked back—over such a dry, arid, dusty track, though it had seemed successful and satisfactory enough in the treading. There was no trace of love there, since boyhood ended: no fellow-creature had received help and consolution and tenderness from Joseph Nargles.

And yet 'God so loved the world——'

The crypt was very nearly dark, now that the door was shut; but Mr. Nargles, closing his eyes in the earnestness of his thinking, saw a Face. Against a luminous background It rose faintly—the remembrance of some picture he had seen—Thy Divine Face, before which the reverence of Christians often draws a veil, for it is the Face of Him Who died in agony to take away the sins of the world. . . . . And in the darkness, death being near, an Epiphany came to the soul of Joseph Nargles. He recognized the Divine Purpose then, and understood how every soul that knows neither love nor pity must wither at last before the gaze of Those All-Pitying Eyes.

And from the bottom of his heart he prayed 'O Thou Most Merciful! grant to me—even to me—one chance more!'

Another man had made that prayer to him a little while ago, and had not been heard.

But Joseph Nargles was to have his 'one chance more.'

For suddenly in the darkness there was a loud grating and reverberation, and a sound of heavy stumbling steps; and Mr. Nargles, rising up confused and startled, very greatly astonished a man who came hurrying down with a lantern in his hand. He recoiled in haste, and seemed much inclined to bolt back to upper air again.

'You should look round a place like this before you shut it up, young chap,' said Mr. Nargles, very gruffly.

The time he had passed in the crypt seemed to him very long—almost limitless in duration—like a strange life-time of suffering.

'I didn't know there was anyone here, sir,' said the young workman, with a dismayed countenance, holding up his lantern. 'Me and my mates hadn't any idea of it. It were a wonderful mercy as I forgot my watch—I laid it on the corner of the steps here, out of sight, where it shouldn't be trod on. This here crypt isn't opened—not without there's any party comes as is curious in brasses and stones and such—not above once in a twelvemonth, sir.'

'Considering that I'm churchwarden, I may say I'm aware of that,' replied Mr. Nargles testily, preparing to ascend.

He walked with a firm step, and needed no helping hand; but he looked about him in some bewilderment when he reached the fresh air and saw the sky above his head once more.

All was very still, except for the twittering of the birds; and earth and seas and sky were bathed in rosy light.

'A beautiful dawn, eh?' said Mr. Nargles, glancing at his liberator.

'It's drawing on to the sunsetting, sir,' replied the puzzled young man. 'Me and my mates knocked off work about ten minutes ago.'

Mr. Nargles took off his hat, and looked up into the glories of the spring sunset very intently for a moment or two. Then he walked away, making no further remark.

'Well, of all the cool guv'nors ever I see, that guv'nor's the coolest,' reflected the stonemason; and then he, too, went upon his way, with a story to tell.

But Mr. Nargles told no one of what had befallen him. He only stumped into the bare living-room where Tom Dixon and Alice still sat trying to face their trouble, and said: 'Dixon, I've been thinking over that matter of yours. And I have it in my mind to give you another chance. Mind you use it well—that's all.'

And Tom Dixon did use it well. He never relasped again, and Alice is a happy woman now, with serene unclouded eyes, and no hidden fear in her heart.

And people often observe that Mr. Joseph Nargles has softened wonderfully of late years; but it does not occur to anyone to connect that softening with the comparatively unimportant fact that he once spent ten minutes—not more—alone in the crypt below St. Cuthbert's Church.

One of God's Heroines.

('British Messenger.')

She was an old Cornish woman, old and wrinkled, clad always in a plain brown dress and blue checked apron, a spotless cap, and a red handkerchief folded over her shoulders. She lived just on the outskirts of the little mining coast town of Saint Austell in Cornwall. Her name was Penrose Trevanyion—or Grannie Trevanyion, as she was generally called by her neighbors. She was a widow of many years, and earned her daily bread by making the coarse checked shirts the sailors and miners wore. Sewing-machines had not then been introduced into Saint Austell, and no one was considered to 'put such good stitches in' as Grannie Trevanyion. I remember her telling me once the secret of her 'putting in such good stitches,' and I took it to heart.

'Pennie, says I to myself, as I sews,' said the old woman, 'if you was a-stitchin' these shirts right direct for the Lord Jesus, and under his very eyes, don't you go for to say that you wouldn't do your very best? Well, then, Pennie, I tells myself, you may do it all for the Lord Jesus in his brethern wot is to wear 'om; so here goes. It's this stitch for Him and that stitch for Him. You can't offer Him what's badly done. Ay, and don't it make your needle fly to think that though it's your daily bread you're earning it's all for Jesus too!'

She was a widow—that meant a hard life and a lonely one. True, she had one son, but he had 'gone wrong of himself,' in Pennie's sad way of putting it, ever since the father's strong hand had been no longer over him. Later on drink and evil companions had landed him so deeply in debt that he had left the little fishing-boat, in which he had followed his father's craft, and gone no one knew where. All that night Penrose had watched at her door with a heavy heart, and prayed—as only, I think, mothers know how to pray—for her only child. He had never come back, nor had she heard of him from that day to this. That was Penrose's sharpest thorn.

Not that she had lost hope. Harder than ever she prayed for her boy, and harder than ever she stitched, so that, as she said, whenever her Lord saw fit to send him back to her she might have wherewith to clothe and feed him. Every morning, noon,

and night at meal-time Penrose set out his plate and mug with her own and said grace for him as well as for herself.

'Poor Tom,' she said, 'who knows but that he may have forgotten to thank our dear Lord for his mercies by now!'

Day by day, as she prayed and worked, her eye was on the latch, looking for it to lift and show her the ragged and forlorn figure of her boy (she was sure he must be both, with no mother to mend for him), grown older, no doubt, for he had been but a lad when he left her, and now he would be nearly twenty-five. Yet she felt sure that she would know him still, and her Tom would not have forgotten his old mother!

Out of her earnings Pennie always set aside a tenth part in an old starch-box that stood on the chimney-piece; 'for the poor,' she said it was; and the neighbors used to smile at her, for no one in Saint Austell was so poor as the widow herself. Penrose only returned their smiles with another—a holy, gentle smile that lit up her plain old face and made it fairly beautiful.

'I know 'tis but a widow's mite when all's said and done,' she would answer humbly; 'but there's no telling when some poor body may find it come in useful. I'll trust our dear Lord to send some one in his own good time, and meanwhile it's growing more, that's all.'

And 'God's good time,' of which Penrose spoke so confidently, came at last. It was a desperately hard, wild winter. There were furious gales and storms. Even mild Saint Austell was snowed up—a state of things which even the old folks could hardly remember having seen before.

Early one morning, the sound of a gun going off at sea caught her ear. It was evidently a signal of distress from some ship in danger. The wind was very boisterous, and the sleet drove in drenching clouds past Penrose's door, mingled with salt spray from the breakers far below.

Again that sharp signal went off at sea.

'Ay, it's a vessel in distress, sure enough,' said the widow to herself. 'God help the poor souls aboard her! I wonder if the life-boat's out,' and she fought her way along to the nearest cabin to inquire.

'Yes,' said Nell Lantill, the wife of one of the lifeboat's men; 'they've had her out the last hour almost. There's a steamer on the rocks, but they can't reach her in the teeth of the storm. God help those poor souls in the hour of death!'

'Amen!' answered the group of women huddled together in the cottage, whose husbands were out breasting the storm on their mission of danger and charity.

Before another half-hour had passed the wives were weeping in the arms of their husbands, who were wet to the skin, but every man safe and sound.

'But what of the ship?' they cried in a breath.

''Twas the "Warrior King." She hailed from Sunderland—gone down like a stone. Just two souls saved from the mad raging sea—a woman and her bairn, lashed both to the main-mast. Thank God, we reached them just in time!'

'Where are they, poor things?'

Just then two stout sailors bare in two human burdens and laid them on the cabin bed.

'The woman died,' said one of them, 'even as we took her in our arms, but her bairn lives. 'Tis a pretty babe. Who of you women'll take charge of the child for the love of God?'

At this appeal every one looked towards her neighbor. No one volunteered. Only Penrose Trevanyion had taken the little one silently into her arms. In her mind were those words of her dear Lord, 'Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.' In her heart she said, 'In thy name, dear Lord,' and then she added aloud, 'I'll take the bairn,' and she pressed the soaking little bundle to her motherly bosom. The child was quite conscious and smiled in her face.

Somehow that baby smile recalled to her the face of her little Tom as he had smiled at his mother from his cradle bed. She kissed the motherless little one, with tears in her old eyes.

The neighbors shook their heads. 'What did old Pennie want with a bairn at her time of life? She ought to be thinking of coffins rather than cradles!' they said.

However, the old widow carried her adopted child home with her. The tenth she had set aside came in useful now. God had sent poor Penrose the one poorer than herself she had waited for—a waif cast up by the sea. Who was it? Nobody knew. In Saint Austell generally people cared very little. After the few dead bodies washed ashore from the wreck had been decently buried in the mossy old churchyard, their interest in the one baby survivor faded away.

Only Pennie wondered who was her little charge, and whether it had any relatives left in all the wide world. All the clew she had to its name was in the initial letters marked on the child's ragged pinafore—'P. T.' By a strange coincidence they were the same as her own; yet perhaps it could hardly be called strange after all for Penrose was an every-day name in that part of Cornwall; and with Tre, Pol, or Lan most real Cornish surnames began.

So the old woman called her charge Penrose, and the thought of how she had received it in her Lord's name always sent a warm gush of gladness to her heart.

Time went rapidly by, and while Pennie the younger grew in years and in strength, till she was a pretty, modest, pious little maid of nine, Penrose, the old woman, was growing older and feebler every day.

Many a time she must lay down her needle-work now and wipe her dim spetacles.

'Bless the dear Lord, little Pennie!' she would say; 'it seems to me the daylight ain't so clear in Saint Austell now-a-days as it used to be when I was young.'

'O grannie,' Pennie junior would answer gayly, 'it's your own eyes, not the light. Everything's just as sunny and beautiful as can be. You're so tired with that stitch, stitch always. Lay your work aside a bit and rest.'

But Penrose knew well there was no time for rest. Pennie seemed to grow taller and to need more food and clothing every day. The stitches must be more rather than fewer if she was still to make both ends meet.

The neighbors shook their heads more vigorously than ever. They had warned Penrose against burdening herself with the child at the time; she had not heeded them. Now she was beginning to pay dearly for her folly. But the dear old widow never for a moment lost her bright confidence in God.

At last the day came when Penrose laid down her needle never to take it up again. She knew now that it was not the daylight that was in fault. She was blind.

Little Pennie cried bitterly over her.

'Grannie, what shall we do?' she sobbed. 'Must we both die together?'

But old Penrose's trust in her Lord was no whit weakened.

'God is as good now as ever,' she answered. 'Don't fret, child, but reach me down my knitting-needles and yarn from the corner cupboard.'

And she set on a stocking for a neighbor who wanted a pair.

''Tis easier praying and knitting than stitching and praying,' she said cheerfully.

'What do you pray for, grannie?' inquired the child.

'Always the same old prayer, Pennie, if it be my dear Lord's will.'

'I know now,' the little one answered brightly. 'It's for your lad, your Tom, to come back. I will pray too, grannie.'

So they prayed, both of them, for days and weeks longer. Then Penrose's arms and legs grew weak. She could hold the knitting-needles no longer. Her head grew heavy. She swooned away into death-like faints which alarmed the neighbors. They got her to bed, and Pennie became her devoted little nurse.

From that day forward no money came into the little cottage until an idea entered Pennie's little head. She had seen in an old chest some cleverly-wrought cork models of the lighthouse and of some ships, which grannie had treasured up for years as the work of her runaway boy.

Grannie,' she asked one day, 'may I take them out and try to sell them?'

But Penrose could not make up her mind to part with them till they came to the last loaf; then she said,

'Take them, child, and God go with you.'

And that day Pennie's little feet trudged up and down the steep streets, but she only succeeded in selling one model. Many people stopped to look at her tray; it was true, for the models were pretty, delicate things, but they could not afford to buy, for money was scarce in Saint Austell.

At last Pennie made her way down to the beach. People said a ship had just come in, and some of the sailors might fancy her models. So she went among them and pleaded with her musical voice and sad, pretty little face. No one would pay any heed to her, and a gruff voice called her back.

'Stay, child,' said a great bearded tar. 'I'll take the lot. What are they?'

'Five shillings altogether, sir,' said little Pennie, opening her eyes wide with wonder at such an unexpected and generous offer.

'Here is your money, and now you shall carry the models home for me.'

'But I don't know where you live, sir.'

'Where I did live, you mean. It's long enough since I'd a home to call my own,' the sailor answered rather sadly. 'Turn up yon lane; it's but a few steps away.'

'Please, sir, there's only Grannie Trevanyion's up there,' said Pennie, hesitating.

'I know all about that. Do as I bid you.'

And he led the way to the little cottage where blind old Penrose was sitting up in bed, praying half aloud and very earnestly as was a habit of hers.

'Just once again, dear Lord, if it's thy holy will,' she pleaded. 'I know I shall never see him, never more in this world, but just to feel and know that he was safe home, and that he loved thee. Then the old woman would hold out her arms to thee and die in peace.'

'She's always praying so for her Tom,' whispered Pennie as they stood on the threshold for an instant.

'Mother!' and the prayers of long years were answered at last. The old woman's withered form was clasped in the embrace of her long-lost son. Tears of joy and sorrow chased one another down his rough sunburned face.

'O mother, can you fogive me? God has forgiven me,' he sobbed.

Years ago Penrose had forgotten that she had anything to forgive.

'Thank the dear Lord that you are come home at last,' she murmured.

There was no surprise in her tone. She had trusted God, and, of course, he had kept his word to her—that was all.

Pennie had looked on in astonishment until now. Now she began to understand something of what was going on. She crept to the bedside and whispered.

'I prayed for you too; didn't I, grannie?

'Who is it, mother?' asked the sailor. 'I knew my models again—but the child?'

'A little one saved from the wreck of the 'Warrior King,' Tom. The mother and all the rest was drowned. O Tom, that was an awful day!'

'And her name?' he asked eagerly. 'I heard that every soul on board that fated vessel went down.'

'I never could find her name,' grannie answered. 'We found Just 'P. T.' on her pinafore, so we called her Pennie,' and she passed her fingers lovingly through Pennie's soft hair.

'You are right, mother. Penrose Trevanyion is her name,' cried the sailor, clasping the child in his arms. 'She is your own little grandchild, and my poor Mary Anne, was drowned. I thought they were both gone.'

And then he told them the story of his life, beginning from the day when he had left home, his hard sea life, then his marriage in Sunderland with a servant girl, whose piety had been the means of his conversion, how three years after their marriage he had started on his last long voyage and sent Mary Anne and the baby, with money to keep them until his return, to his own mother, praying her to forgive the past and to receive them. He spoke of his long, rough voyage, wreck and danger, and now when in the Channel on his way home the news came upon him like a thunder-clap that the 'Warrior King,' with every soul aboard, had gone down off the rocks of Saint Austell.

Poor old Penrose! The very joy of her meeting thus with her long-lost son was her death. She died of joy. About a week later she lifted up her sightless eyes to heaven and a smile beamed on her face as though she saw visions of glory unspeakable.

'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' she murmured, and fell back on her pillow—dead! God had gathered his lily to bloom in Paradise.

Savourless Salt.

Trodden beneath by the careless feet,
Mixed with the foul and lost to the sweet,
Are those who, wedded to earthly fame,
Have lost in life's journey their twofold aim.

It was not meant they should tread alone
The path so sweet they had claimed their own:
The Master wanted their love and care,
And He offered them some of his work to share.

But they heeded not his wisdom's plan,
Nor tarried awhile their ways to scan,
And they missed the joys He had meant to give,
And so by the highway they scarcely live.

And only because of the depth of love
That brought the Lord from his home above
Are they left in pity on earth to stay,
Mixed and crushed with the mire and clay.

—'The Christian.'

We hear much of the power of habit, but usually in the negative form. 'Don't accustom yourself to this'; 'Don't learn to do that run the warnings. But habits are good as well as bad, and there is nothing that takes root so easily or yields such large returns for cultivation. Every good habit formed—promptness, helpfulness, self-control, faithfulness, Sabbath observance—whatever it is, it becomes a part of our capital in life, and pays an ever-increasing interest in comfort, prosperity, reputation and character.—'Forward.'

The Pawned Testament.

A poor student, who was in the University at Leipzig, had occasion to undertake a journey at a moment's notice to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and was in want of the necessary money for the purpose. In this difficulty he went to a learned Jew, a neighbor, and borrowed the money, leaving as security his Hebrew bible, and his Greek Testament, which contained the Greek and German words side by side in separate columns. During the absence of the student, the Jew determined to read the Testament through, in order to strengthen his mind in his hatred to Jesus, ridicule His teaching in the synagogue, and so be better prepared to show forth his zeal for the Jewish faith. His wife and children were not permitted to see the book, for he was determined to be the only one to discover the falsehood of the Christian religion in all its parts. But, as he proceeded with his reading, his surprise increased, and a strange feeling of fear mingled with admiration and reverence, came over him, and as he studied the life of Christ on earth he could hardly prevent himself crying out. 'Oh! that Jesus were my Saviour!'

Having finished the book, he was surprised to find that, however eager he might be to increase his enmity against Jesus, his study of the New Testament had taught him that Jesus was worthy, not of hatred, but of the highest respect, admiration, and love. 'Surely,' he said, 'this is the height of silly simplicity and blind folly. I will open the book no more.' But, however, in a short time he changed his mind, and determined to read the book a second time, resolving to be more careful in ascertaining that Jesus and His apostles were fully deserving of the hatred of all Jews in all ages. But again he was unable to discover anything that was absurd, or which bore the stamp of falsehood. while, on the other hand, he discovered wisdom which was more of heaven than earth, of comfort inexpressible for an afflicted mind, and a hope of immortality which seemed to deliver him from that dreadful anxiety with which the thoughts of the future had often troubled him. Still he could not overcome his prejudice, but read the New Testament for the third time, resolving that if he could find no excuse or reason for his hatred, he would become a Christian, but that, if he could discover the slightest tokens of deceit or fraud he would for ever detest the Christian religion.

During the third reading of the history of Jesus, His doctrines and His promises, the Jew was quite overcome. The love of Christ filled his very soul, like Saul of Tarsus, he cried, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Being determined to become a Christian, he went without delay to a clergyman and commenced a course of instruction.

Seven weeks had passed since the New Testament had been left with the Jew, and now the student returned and came to redeem his property. The Jew asked him if he would sell him the New Testament. The student was unwilling to part with it, but at last yielded. 'What do you ask for it?' said the Jew. 'Four marks will satisfy me,' was the reply. The Jew opened a drawer in the table, and taking out a bag, counted out a hundred gold pieces. 'There! Take that,' said he. 'Gladly will I give you more if you wish it; and if at any time I can be of use to you, only come to me and I will help you to the utmost of my power.'

The student was amazed, and thought the Jew was making a joke at his expense. But he told him what a change of mind had been wrought in him by reading the New Testament. At the same time he upbraided him for setting so little store by such a book, and finished by saying, 'Oblige me by accepting that money. As for this book, I shall never part with it.'

From that time the Jew became a sincere Christian, an active worker, not a mere professor. Nine Jewish families in that town did he win to Christ, and thus did he show the power of the Word of God when the Holy Spirit applies it to the heart.—'Jewish Missionary Advocate.'

An Extraordinary Incident.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Those people who imagine that God does not take care of His children, would not be allowed to say this at Atcham, a little village near Shrewsbury; for on one occasion, some years ago, the inhabitants learned in a most remarkable way that God takes care of His own.

One Sunday, when the boys and girls of Atcham were at Sunday-school, a terrific thunderstorm—the like of which had not been known for years—broke over the village. Flash after flash of lightning and crash after crash of thunder succeeded each other in a bewildering manner. Teachers and scholars started in amazement from the pursuit of their lessons, and listened aghast to the fury of the elements.

The little school-room shook with the

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

vibration of the thunder, until at last there came a vivid flash which seemed to pass through the whole school. Several children were struck, and the screams of the frightened scholars resounded on all sides. But quiet was soon restored, and it was found upon examination that no one was seriously hurt, and that those who had been struck had the damage confined to their boots.

We give a picture of the boots which were struck by the lightning. The spectacle they presented was enough to convince any villager that God had marvellously preserved His children from harm, and to this day the good folk of Atcham tell of the incident with awe and reverence. —'Sunday Companion.'

Joy.

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then she will come and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows.
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—'Waif.'

Sissy's Recitation.

'Tum and pay "F'oggy"!'

It was Sissy's baby brother Ron said this.

'Froggy' was his favorite game. He was Froggy, and went hopping all about the floor, and Sissy was Pussy, and kept pouncing on him from behind the tables and chairs.

Generally Sissy was as ready to play as Ron. This time, however, she shook her head.

'I'm going in papa's study to be alone,' said she importantly.

SISSY BEGAN REPEATING IT TO HERSELF.

Mamma looked up. 'What for?' asked she.

'To learn my recitation for to-morrow night,' replied Sissy. 'Nobody can learn a recitation unless they're quiet.'

The study-lamp was not alight, but the fire was blazing brightly; so drawing a foot-stool close, Sissy took her position on the hearth-rug and commenced reading over her piece of poetry.

It was not long, and she partly knew it, and, having read it through she put the book down beside her and began repeating it to herself, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

Presently came a line she could not recollect.

'"In poor torn frock and ragged shoes——"' repeated Sissy. 'I wonder what comes next? '"In poor ——" I wonder what the Fergussons and the Williamses and Trixey Furlong will wear? I believe not one of them will look so nice as I shall.' And the recitation was clean forgotten as she fell to dreaming all sorts of silly things about how she would look and how she would behave, for Sissy was a very vain little girl.

When Susan came, more than an hour later, she was still sitting so, only her eyelids had dropped too, and she was almost asleep.

'Bedtime!' said Susan cheerfully.

Sissy was rubbing her eyes open with both hands.

'I can't come yet,' she said; 'I haven't finished learning my recitation.'

'Ah,' said Susan, 'you should have made better use of your time! "The night cometh when no man can work," is what the Bible says. If we sit and sleep in working-time, there'll be no chance for us.'

And Sissy had to go. 'To-morrow after breakfast will be time,' she said to herself, as she curled up for the night.

Morning, however, brought uncle Ted, with cousins Bob and Flo.

'Who'll go skating with me?' cried he.

'I'm big enough!' said Sissy eagerly.

'Right you are!' said uncle Ted. 'I'll buy the skates if you may come. And quick! We've got to go by train; and tell mamma that we'll have luncheon there and return in time to dress and receive our guests.'

So Sissy clean forgot all about the recitation again until they were all in the train and half-way there. She had counted on giving it too, because a lady had said in her presence that she had never heard a little girl recite so well.

Well, perhaps there would be time when she came home.

When they did come in, it was already late; and Sissy was so full of the fun she had had, and the business of getting dressed, that the recitation never once came into her head until, tea over and the evening half through, some other little girls stood up to say the pieces they had learnt.

'I'm waiting to hear Sissy now,' said the lady who had praised her so. 'She told me she was learning something new.'

'I could say the one I said last time,' said Sissy, coloring and looking down.

But she couldn't even remember that; and finally she had to sit down, feeling so disgraced that she could hardly keep back her tears.

It was a useful lesson though.

It is well for all of us to remember that if we waste in foolish dreams and idleness the day-time God has given us for work, the night will come 'when no man can work,' and find us all unprepared.

And there will be no 'Well done, good and faithful servant' when we stand up at the last day to render our account.—Flo. E. Birch in 'Child's Companion.'

How the Toad Surprised Me.

Just at dusk, one very hot evening early in July, I sat on a porch in Chicago, trying to get a breath of

fresh air. The porch was about six feet from the ground and faced the east. An old, somewhat loose board walk, twenty feet long and about a foot lower than the street sidewalk, which was more or less open beneath on the side towards the porch, extended from the street to the porch. The street was alive with people, cars and vehicles of all kinds, but the yard was deserted.

Soon a big fat toad hopped from the rather long grass, near an opening under the street sidewalk, on to the walk in the yard. He seemed to be quite at home and succeeded in catching an insect or two very soon, in his queer way, but what surprised me exceedingly, was to see him walk, or waddle, as well as hop. The motion was about like that of a fat duck when walking, only that he had four feet instead of two; if he was startled by a sudden jar or noise, had an opening to cross, or saw an insect, he would hop, but several times he indulged in walking, which moved his fat sides in quite a comical way. Three evenings in succession the same thing occurred; then a cold wave came, and I have not seen Mr. Toad since. —L. I. Bartlett in 'Popular Science News.'

Five Words.

'I think sheep are awfully uninteresting creatures,' said Cecil, turning over the encyclopaedia carelessly; 'I never care to hear anything about them.'

'You would if you had heard the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, as I did last year, at Eastbourne,' said his mother.

'Oh, preachers! of course,' said Cecil, 'because I know there's a lot about sheep in the Bible. But except for that——'

'Then you would be like the Scotch minister, who begged Mr. Pearse to tell the Highland shepherds about anything but sheep!'

'He preached about sheep, after all! He told them what their minister had said; but for all that he talked to them about one of the "Five-word texts" that mean so much.'

'Which?' asked Cecil.

'"The — Lord — is — my — Shepherd."'

'When Mr. Pearse got outside after his sermon, there in the north, one of the shepherds was waiting for him.

'"Please minister," said the shepherd, "that's a good text you gave us to-day! Those five words are life to some of us! Do you see yon cottage up on that mountain?"

'Yes, Mr. Pearse could see it far away on a distant hill.

'So the shepherd went on with his story.

'There was a little lad very ill up there; and the minister, he came to see him, and he said to him, "Little lad, can you say, "The Lord is my Shepherd?'"

'Yes, the little lad had learned that at school. He could say that, right enough.

'So the minister took the little lad's hand, and he repeated the five words over to him on his fingers, and he said, "Everything depends, little lad, on whether you can say "my Shepherd!' Hold on to that third finger and say 'my Shepherd. The Lord is my Shepherd!'"

'The next day the minister called again to see how the little lad was.

'"Oh, he's just lovely!" said his mother, leading the way to the inner room. And there lay the little lad dead.

'But when his mother drew back the covering she repeated again, "Isn't he just lovely?"

'And then the minister knew what she meant. For the little lad's right hand was holding firmly to the third finger of his left hand, for before he died he had learned to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd?"'

* * * * *

Cecil was looking down at the picture, and his mother added softly, 'How patient Jesus, the Shepherd, is! how he gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom! how he loves his sheep! how he feeds them in green pastures and leads them beside still waters! how he gave his life for them, that they might have the right to say those five words, "The Lord is my Shepherd!"'—'Our Darlings.'

In a Fog.

'Mother, may we take our new story-books to Willie Bell? We want to lend them to him,' said Daisy, one morning.

'Very well, dear, you may go,' said her mother.

Away went the children and their good dog Don. They stayed only a short time at their sick friend's house, then started for home. They had only gone a short distance when a dense fog came on, and they could not see their way. Poor Denis ran against a lamp-post, hurt himself, and began to cry.

'Oh, don't cry,' said Daisy; 'I'm sure God can see us all through the fog, and I am sure he will take us safe home.'

Don barked and then jumped up at the little girl as she spoke.

'Do you know the way, Don?' said Daisy; 'if so, go along and we will keep close to you.' Don did know the way, and he led the children safe to their own home.

'Don brought us home, mother,' said Daisy; 'but it was God who gave him the sense to find his way, was it not?'—'Our Little Dots.'

Always Growing.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,
Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
'What, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water-grass,
Never to rest, I see you pass.
'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?
'Ho! do you not know?
I grow.'

Always growing! by night or day,
No idle moments we see:
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say,
In the goodness of God
We grow!
—'Our Little People.'

LESSON V.—JULY 30.

Daniel in the Den of Lions.

Dan. vi., 19-23. Memory verses, 21-23. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'The Lord is thy keeper.'—Psa. cxxi., 5.

Home Readings.

M. Daniel vi., 1-9.—Conspiracy against Daniel.
T. Daniel vi., 10-17.—Daniel in the den of lions.
W. Daniel vi., 18-28.—Daniel in the den of lions.
T. Psalm lvi.—Trust in the Lord.
F. Acts v., 25-32.—God rather than man.
S. II. Tim. iv., 1-8, 16-18.—Delivered.
S. Rev. ii., 1-10.—Be faithful!

Lesson Text.

Supt.—10. Now when Dan'iel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and, his windows being open in his chamber toward Je-ru'sa-lem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

School.—11. Then these men assembled, and found Dan'iel praying and making supplication before his God.

12. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree; Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions? The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Per'sians, which altereth not.

13. Then answered they and said before the king, That Dan'iel, which is of the children of the captivity of Ju'dah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.

14. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Dan'iel to deliver him: and he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver him.

15. Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Per'sians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed.

16. Then the king commanded, and they brought Dan'iel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Dan'iel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.

17. And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Dan'iel.

18. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting; neither were instruments of musick brought before him: and his sleep went from him.

19. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions.

20. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Dan'iel: and the king spake and said to Dan'iel, O, Dan'iel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?

21. Then said Dan'iel unto the king, O king, live for ever.

22. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.

23. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Dan'iel up out of the den. So Dan'iel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

The Bible Class.

'Deliverance.'—I. Cor. x., 13.—Psa. l., 15.

Suggestions

Darius the Mede was king at Babylon, subject to Cyrus, who reigned over the whole empire of the Medes and Persians. Darius appointed a hundred and twenty princes to rule over the kingdom, and over these he placed three presidents, of whom Daniel was the first in rank and importance, being practically at the head of the realm.

The upright and godly Daniel was much disliked and feared by the princes and presidents beneath him. They knew that he was honorable and true in every particular, and wished them to be the same. They could not bear his just rule over them, nor the constant reproof of his righteous character. Therefore, they plotted against him that he might be removed from authority. They gathered together and tried to find some fault in his character or ruling, some unfaithfulness to the king or dishonesty toward the people (such as their own lives were full of), but they could find no just occasion for complaint against him. Daniel was fearlessly faithful to his God, to the king, and to the people.

With great subtlety and diabolical ingenuity these men then laid a trap for Daniel. Knowing of his loyalty to Jehovah, they determined to make his prayers and worship a crime. So with cunning flattery and impudent persuasions, they insisted that the king should sign a decree forbidding that prayer should be made to any being other than the king himself, for thirty days. The king signed the decree, probably without the thought that any possible harm could come of it. Darius was full of conceit and weak-minded vanity, and loved to be worshipped as a god. The princes were sure of Daniel's destruction now, for the penalty of breaking this new law was to be 'cast into the den of lions.'

Even his worst enemies believed that he would be true to God though it should cost him his life. Daniel could not have retained his spiritual power had he failed to honor God in this trial. If his enemies had found that they could frighten him into unfaithfulness to his God, they would have soon found some means of proving him unfaithful to the king, and accomplished his downfall in some other way. Daniel's God is our God, but many a man comes short of being a Daniel because of unfaithfulness in just such a time of trial. Daniel might have prayed in secret and worshipped God just as truly, but his enemies would have seen that he feared them more than he trusted Jehovah. Daniel had been blessed and prospered in every way by serving and honoring God, he could not dishonor him now and expect to be blessed.

Daniel was praying much for his people at this time, it being near the close of the seventy years' captivity. When Daniel heard of the decree he must have been sorely tempted to save his life in some way or other, but he realized that death was in every way preferable to dishonor or what would have been for him a sin. Therefore, he continued in his usual way of praying to Jehovah three times a day on his knees with his windows open to Jerusalem.

The princes, knowing when he was accustomed to speak to God, hurried to his house to catch him in the act. Having seen him on his knees, they then hastened to the king to inform him of Daniel's conduct. The king was filled with remorse when he saw what his vain and foolish decree had led to. He valued Daniel, knowing his perfect trustworthiness and loyalty. He tried his best to find some way of escape for him, but the princes were determined that Daniel should be destroyed, so they declared the king's decree unalterable. Darius weakly yielded to them, and Daniel was brought and cast into the den of lions to be devoured. The king sorrowed much, but assured Daniel that Jehovah would surely deliver him.

All night the king was tormented with regrets for that folly of his which had brought the faithful Daniel into such a position. At earliest dawn the wretched Darius hurried to the mouth of the den to see if Daniel's God could deliver. With what joy and praise Daniel answered, telling how God had shut the lions' mouths and delivered the man who trusted him. Then the king had Daniel spedily taken up out of the pit, and wrathfully ordered that all his enemies should be cast in instead.

The king wrote to all his dominion bidding the people asknowledge and worship the God of Daniel, who had wrought such wondrous deliverances.

Application.

'The God that lived in Daniel's time is just the same to-day.' Our God is able to deliver us from trials as great to the soul as the burning furnace or the den of lions. Our God wants faithful and loyal servants. Only through the faithful can God reveal his mighty power.

Let us not be like the princes who tried so hard to find faults in Daniel, it is a mean mind that looks for other men's shortcomings. If we would be noble we must learn to look for and appreciate the nobility of others. Daniel's character is one which we may well study and copy.

C. E Topic.

July 30.—That good part.—Luke x., 38-42.

Junior C. E.

July 30.—Pride, and the harm it does.—Phil. ii., 3-15.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER VIII.—EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON THE HEART, LIVER, LUNGS AND SKIN.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What part of the body does tobacco affect the most?

A.—The heart. It weakens its action, and makes it irregular, so that it does not send a full supply of blood through the body; and the muscles become weak and flabby.

2. Q.—Does tobacco cause heart disease?

A.—Medical statistics show that about one out of every four tobacco users has some trouble of the heart.

3. Q.—What does Dr. Brodie say of the effect of tobacco upon the heart and arteries?

A.—'Tobacco has a great effect upon the action of the heart and arteries, and often produces weak, tremulous pulse, with all the symptoms of approaching death.'

4. Q.—What is the heart disease produced by tobacco commonly called?

A.—A 'tobacco or smoker's heart.'

And this means that by excessive smoking or chewing that the sufferer has overworked his heart, until it has become unsteady in beating.

5. Q.—How does such a heart appear?

A.—A physician who examined 'a tobacco heart,' said, 'it could be picked to pieces with as much ease as a piece of fried liver.'

6. Q.—What official statement has been made?

A.—That 'thousands in our civil war were discharged from the army on account of heart disease, owing largely to the use of tobacco.'

7. Q.—Do insurance companies like to grant policies to applicants addicted to the use of liquor or tobacco?

A.—They are loath to do so, and their physicians report against many persons on the ground that they have what doctors call the 'tobacco heart.'

8. Q.—How does it affect the liver?

A.—It injures the liver by exciting the system; and in this way produces dyspeptic symptoms.

9. Q.—What effect does tobacco have on the lungs?

A.—Experience shows that breathing tobacco smoke several times a day, cannot fail to cause disease of the lungs.

10. Q.—What did C. Q. Drysdale, chief Physician of the Metropolitan Free Hospital of London, say regarding tobacco as a cause of consumption?

A.—He says that he has a great many cases which convinced him that smoking in youth is a common cause of pulmonary consumption.

11. Q.—Does the use of tobacco affect the skin?

A.—People who use tobacco acquire a sallow, lifeless looking skin, which shows the condition of the whole system. The complexion also becomes colorless, and the face and body lean and thin.

12. Q.—Is tobacco absorbed by the skin?

A.—If a cigar be unrolled and moistened, and then applied over the stomach of a child, it will soon bring on sickness and vomiting; and does sometimes cause death.

13. Q.—How have soldiers used tobacco that they might escape from duty?

A.—They have placed it in their armpits so at to cause sickness, and very frequently was this practiced in the war of 1861.

14. Q.—Does smoking cause sore throat?

A.—Smoking dries and reddens the lining of the mouth and throat; the hot fumes of the poisonous weed often causing chronic sore throat, and seriously affecting the voice.

15. Q.—Does the use of tobacco change the features?

A.—Yes the countenance is often distorted, and the mouth grows lopsided from carrying the quid, cigar or pipe on one side.

Very often a gap is made in the jaw, when the teeth have been destroyed by the heat of the pipe or cigar.

The nose also grows out of shape when used very long as a snuff box.

16. Q.—As a rule, how can you tell a person who uses tobacco?

A.—By the sharp and fleshless jaw, sallow complexion, watery eye, stunted body, and generally listless and slovenly appearance.

17. Q.—Does tobacco, like rum, affect the soul as well as the body?

A.—Yes; it not only brings many evils and maladies upon the body, but also deadens the moral faculties, thus periling the soul.

18. Q.—Does tobacco affect every person in the same way?

A.—No. It usually seizes upon the weakest part of the body.

One victim may become blind, another deaf, a third may have tumors, a fourth may have heart disease, and a fifth may exhibit no outward sign, for long time, of the injury he has received.

'Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil.'—Proverbs, 3d chapter, 7th verse.

Phoebe Cary.

Phoebe Cary wrote, when only seventeen years of age, perhaps the most beautiful of all her poems, commencing

'One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I have ever been before.'

And ending

'Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of living faith.'

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, says that once visiting a Chinese gambling-house he found two Americans drinking and gambling there, the older, who was winning all the money, constantly giving utterance to the foulest profanity. While the older was dealing the cards for another game the younger began singing the words of the first verse, but as he sang the older stopped dealing, and, throwing down the cards, said, 'Where did you learn that?' 'In an American Sunday-school,' said the younger.

'Come,' said the elder gambler, getting up; 'come, Harry; here's what I have won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business.'

It gave Miss Cary great happiness to learn of this incident before her death.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

A writer in 'The Interior,' Chicago, gives some interesting and suggestive figures in regard to the liquor traffic. 'Few persons, it is said, have any just conception of the magnitude of the liquor traffic. In 1896, according to the reports of the Internal Revenue Department, there were over 121,000 registered saloon keepers and liquor dealers in the United States. Allowing twenty feet frontage to each saloon—which is a very moderate estimate—if they were placed side by side they would reach in one unbroken line from New York to Chicago. The consumption of spirituous and malt liquors and wines for 1896 was 1,170,379,448 gallons. The consumption of malt liquors alone was 1,080,626,165 gallons. As there are about fifteen glasses of beer in a gallon, that would make over sixteen billions of drinks. Of course these figures are beyond all comprehension. A million is a vast number; few people have any idea how vast it is; and when we talk about sixteen thousand millions of drinks of beer, it is like trying to comprehend the length of the geologic ages, or the nebulae. And yet that was the amount of malt liquor that passed down American throats in 1896.'—'Christian Work.'

Correspondence

Avonton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I remember I read in the 'Messenger' that there was a letter written from this county, stating that there was only two letters written from it, so this will be the third letter. I have no pets, but have a waggon, a sleigh, and a wheelbarrow. Papa is a minister, and he has a bicycle. I have two brothers, Herbert, aged 9 years, and Ernest, aged 5 years. My birthday is on April 24. I am in the third book, and am getting along very well at school. Before I close I wish if you know Clara's address, that you would tell her to write again. If she gets the 'Messenger' with my letter in it, she will see my address, which is John E. Graham, Avonton P.O., Ontario.

Christina.

Dear Editor,—I live on lot sixteen on the Longwoods road, in the township of Caradoc. Our farm is called Spring Bank farm. I have two sisters, and one brother. I have a dog and his name is Collie, and he is a good dog to drive cattle. I have a little colt, but I have not named him yet. I have an uncle living in Hamilton, and he sends me the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.

ROY, (aged 11.)

Drummond.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Drummond, so I will write one. We go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there, and Mr. James Shaw is the superintendent, and the Sunday-school is getting up a picnic for June 17. My father has a farm in Prestonvale; but we are not living on it this summer, he is making cheese. We have sixteen chickens and four lambs and a horse, named Nellie, and two kittens, and an old cat. We go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss M. Mallock. I am in the Second Reader. I have three sisters and one brother. FLORENCE H. (aged 10.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from this place. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and I enjoy the correspondence very well. I am eleven years old. I am in the fourth reader. Miss Lea is my school teacher; I go to Centennial School. Last Thursday, there was a fire in Portland, it ruined two hundred houses, and a great many people were left homeless. There was a woman eighty years old, who was burned to death. I have two aunts who live there, and the fire went right past them. The churches were all opened so as to give resting places to the ones who are suffering from fire, and many were left without one thing saved. My papa drills the Boys' brigade of St. Stephen's Church; they have kilts, coats, sporrans, and caps, they drill very prettily. I would like to hear if any little girl's birthday, is the same as mine August 29.

Your friend, VICTORIA R. B.

Amherst Point, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Grandpa sends the 'Messenger' to my cousin who lives with us. I like to read the letters from the girls and boys. My papa has a large farm. There is a pretty little lake just below the house. I often go fishing. It is a pretty place here when the grass is green. We have eighteen lambs. I have one cat, named Jerry. I could not write before I went to school, only two words. I am in the second reader.

R. LOUISE L. (aged 7.)

Grand Pré Ferme.

Dear Editor,I go to school every day, and have only missed seven days this year. We have only got three and a-half miles to go to school, but I do not mind that, for the prairie is covered with flowers, viz., the anemone, the violet, the wild pea and some others. The anemone is out in full bloom as soon as the snow has melted.

Our teacher is very nice and kind, especially to the little ones. He has just been teaching us for one year and five months. We had fine fun last winter at school, but now all the girls and boys that were jolliest have stayed home. I live ten miles from Grenfell and two and a-half miles from Belle Prairie post office. I sent a letter to the 'Messenger,' but never saw it in print. I used to live in Uxbrdge, and would like to hear from some of my friends through the 'Messenger.' My birthday was last week, and I got a lot of lovely presents. Enclosed please find some prairie flowers for yourself. Your 13-year old reader, EMILY E. SIM.

(Many thanks for the beautiful flowers, which were pressed so nicely.—Ed.)

Ripley.

Dear Editor,—I was very glad to see Morris McLean's letter from Strathlorne, as I was born there. Mamma knew Morris when he was a little baby. I liked reading Dora's letter; she is a great friend of mine. I am going to Lucknow on the 23rd of May. I have a little pony, and I call her Dolly; I can ride her. I also have a little colt, I call her Flossy; she will eat bread and sugar and biscuits from my hand. I have a bicycle, which I like to ride. I would like Morris to write another letter.

MORA McL. (aged 10).

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading, so I think I will write you a letter on a book I read recently. It is a book by Pansy, entitled 'Household Puzzles.' The principal characters in the story are a family by the name of Randolph; it consists of seven members, father, mother and five children. The eldest is Helen, then Ermina, Tom, Grace and Maria. Mrs. Randolph was no housekeeper. So Maria, though only fifteen, was manager and chief cook. She planned and economized and made the dollars last as long as she could. All the family loved the little mother, but one night she is seized with a fatal disease, and dies of it. She is laid away. Life with the Randolphs goes on quetly, till Helen is married to Mr. Horace Monroe, a wealthy though dissipated young man. But their marriage was not a happy one, and very shortly after, Mr. Monroe is killed by an accident when drunk. Tom Randolph, much against his father's will, had taken a situation in a saloon, and he had by his bad habits been causing his friends much anxiety. Meanwhile, Faith Halsed, a cousin of the Randolphs, with her little brother Pearly, had come to board with them. One day Faith had Pearly out in his carriage, when she met Tom, who, though not sober, wanted to ride baby, and then,—Tom never knew how it happened, but the carriage was upset and baby falling out and striking his head on the pavement, was instantly killed. Then Tom hated himself, but Faith forgave him, so he resolved henceforth to be a temperance man and a Christian. Soon after this Ermina marries a Mr. Harper, and he being a good Christian, their union proves to be a happy one, and so the story closes. My letter is getting very long so I will close, remaining, an interested reader, E. J. H. (aged 14).

Eganville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' through our Sunday-school, and mother reads the letters to me, and I like them very much. I was seven years old last month, and began going to school at Easter. I like my teacher very well. I belong to the Mission Band here, and have a mite box, into which I put my money, and give the box into the mission at the end of the year. I get the money by selling old newspapers to the store, where thy use them for wrapping up parcels. At the end of the year they send all the money they get away, where it is used to teach the little boys and girls who have no Sunday-scholl. I have a nice little pussy; it was sick for a long time, and I was afraid it would die, but it is better now, and I am glad. MARY McN.

Hartney, Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you and tell you how much I enjoy reading your valuable "Northern Messenger." I got it from Sunday-school for over two years, so I ought to know if it is good or bad. I saw in one of the letters that its writer, a little girl, watned to know about some of the flowers that grow in the Dominion, so I thought I would like to tell her about them. Well, the first flower around here is the anemone; its stem is green and it has two rows of leaves, one row is green and one is a pale blue. The next flower is the buttercup, the next is the violet, then come marigolds and other flowers. There are other prairie flowers, but I will not mention them now.

JOHN S.

HOUSEHOLD.

Women and Home.

GOOD BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

(Edited by Natalie H. Snyder.)

According to the testimony of those in a position to know, a wave of moral depravity is sweeping over the country, threatening to destroy the purity of the youth of land. The statement is strong, but those who have carefully investigated the subject bear witness to its truth; the average teacher in town and country schools, at least, believes it, and the scholars in the public schools are aware of it, even those who are not contaminated; and the persons who are the most ignorant on this question are those who should be the wisest—the parents.

There are many conditions which have combined to produce this state of affairs, and important among these are the books and papers that fall into the hands of the young, the influence of which is as deadly as poison to the moral character. The mothers who look carefully into the kind of reading matter in which their children are interested, are comparatively few, and no matter involving moral training deserves more careful attention. In this age, when printing presses daily pour out their tons of literature, both good and bad, when the sensational daily paper brings its record of crime and vice into the home, the subject becomes doubly important.

There is a kind of literature which any wise mother would consign to the flames without hesitation were she to find it in the hands of her son or daughter, yet the same mother, it may be, will tolerate the flashy stories which do much to strengthen the tendency towards a yet lower type of books. Every now and then the account of some shocking crime startles the world, the source of which may be traced to the influence exerted by the tales of vice and crime which the youthful criminal read by his father's hearth-stone, under his mother's eye, the mother concluding that because her boy was quietly employed he was therefore well employed. The most popular modern fiction is that kind which glosses over crime and makes heroes and heroines of a class of people from whom, if met in real life, any pure-minded person would shrink back with loathing. Yet these same types of persons, made real and living by the master-pen of the novelist, are introduced into the home-life to fill the impressionable minds of the young with the idea that vice, when attractive, loses some of its sin.

Let the young people have fiction if they wish it, but let the mother see that it is worth reading, and that it is the kind which will lead the mind upward instead of towards a lower level, but, above all, let her banish from her home that sensational literature which can work untold harm to her children, whether the evil in it comes cunningly concealed between the covers of a novel, or boldly blazoned upon the headlines of a daily paper.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

What to Have in a Sewing Room.

A correspondent sends the description of a 'nearly perfect sewing room' that will be of interest to many, as the convenience of such a nook can hardly be overrated. It saves many weary steps in hunting for thread, thimble, etc., and saves the family sitting room from being a resting-place for the sewing. This room is 8x12 feet, with two windows and a small closet. In front of one window stands the sewing machine, which has one end of its cover cushioned to use as a foot-stool. On the right is a row of foot-wide shelves running almost the width of the room. One shelf is for the family medicines, the others hold all the sewing paraphernalia in boxes having the projecting ends labelled. They can be read from the sewer's seat at the machine, and are within easy reach. Patterns left-over, pieces, buttons, trimmings, etc., all have boxes and are kept in them. Below the shelves is a low cutting table always ready for use. A sewing chair, without arms, and having short rockers, is handy, and a straight chair for machine use. In one corner is a dress form, and in the opposite corner is a long narrow mirror, which shows the effect when fitting on the form. By the door three hooks are screwed, from which hang a well-filled pin-cushion, pattern-book and slate and pencil. On the slate goes every want of the family in the sewing line as it is thought of. The cost of fitting up such a room is small, as the window has a buff blind, and a rug for the feet is the only floor covering, but the convenience and comfort of such a place is unbounded.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Home Occupations.

A growing plant is a constant source of delight to a child during the long weeks when he is forced to spend much of his time indoors, and if he feels that the plant depends upon him for life and that it is his very own his enjoyment will be doubled. Every house-hold can afford space for one or two flower pots or boxes, and the little trouble which their presence gives will be more than repaid. Even children too young to go to school may, with a little supervision, be trusted to water and care for their plants, and it is surprising how much time is happily spent in ths way.

Nasturtium seeds may be planted and their rapid growth watched from day to day, while, with plenty of water and sunlight, they will blossom freely all winter. So will petunias, verbenas, sweet alyssum, some varieties of geranium and the sultana, which is literally never without a flower. In case there is no sunny window, ivies, begonias, joint grass, partridge vine and ferns will all grow and flourish without the direct rays of the sun, and their brilliant green will delight the eyes on many a gloomy day. In the country a few roots of the hepatica or Jack-in-the-pulpit may be given an opportunity to blossom indoors before their comrades in the wood have begun to awaken from their winter sleep. A pitcher plant, brought home from a swamp and kept in a north window, was a source of interest in one household all winter, and when in the spring it sent up a tall, curiously brilliant blossom it was a wonder which all the friends and acquaintances were invited to come and see.

Selected Recipes.

German cabbage.—Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork in dice and fry it slightly in the bottom of the stewpan, add one cup of boiling water, and two quarts of shredded cabbage and one sour apple cut fine. Cook one hour very slowly. When it is half done add half a cup of vinegar.

German carrots.—Cut six small carrots into half inch dice, and stew in boiling water to cover until soft; the time will vary from one to two hours. Add one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar, a salt-spoonful of pepper. Make a drawn butter sauce of the carrot water, one teaspoonful each of flour and butter to one cup of the water, and stew the carrots in this fifteen minutes, then turn out and sprinkle a little grated nutmeg and chopped parsley over the top.

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